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THE AMERICAN.

VOL. XVII.—NO. 429.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1888.

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REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

THREE have been plain evidences for a fortnight past that the Democratic managers felt the ground giving way under their feet, and something of a sensation was caused by the printing in the New York *Herald* of a private despatch to the editor from a correspondent who had been passing through the State and who reported confidentially that the popular movement against Cleveland was overwhelming. The facts he gave were not new at all: it was their disclosure in the *Herald* which drew attention.

As the natural outcome of this situation there have been signs of a desperate use of money by Mr. Barnum and the other campaign managers of his party. A circular sent out by the Chairman of the Ohio Democratic Committee reads as follows:

COLUMBUS, O., Oct. 10, 1888.

My Dear Sir—The National Committee having intrusted me with the collection of contributions in Ohio, it becomes necessary at this stage of the campaign to again notify you of these necessities. There should be no mistake as to the amount expected at your hands. I am directed to look to you for five per cent. of the annual pay roll of your office. Should I not hear from you by the 20th of this month I shall draw on you for a portion of the amount yet unremitted.

Please let me hear from you by return mail. Very truly yours,
JAMES B. TOWNSEND, Chairman.

This is very urgent, certainly, but it is by no means more so than the circulars which have been poured in upon the clerks and other officials, low and high, in Washington. The correspondent in that city of the *Boston Journal* telegraphs:

"WASHINGTON, Oct. 21. The indications here are that the last two weeks of the campaign are to be devoted to the collection of a vast fund that can be used upon election day. Never before in the experience of those who have had the most knowledge of political campaigns here has there been such a desperate effort to collect money from Government employes. The existence of the civil service law is ignored, and the penalties of its criminal provisions are openly defied. Assessments are publicly levied and collected in all of the departments. . . . The circulars which are sent by the National Democratic Committee to the Government officials are regarded by the latter as assessments, whether or not the astute political managers who have devised them have escaped the technical infringement of the criminal provisions. . . .

"These circulars have not only been sent to every one connected with the civil service, but they have been distributed in a manner which in itself is a violation of the civil service act. They have been sent through the mails addressed to clerks in the departments, and have been received by the clerks on their desks. . . . [In other cases] they leave these circulars with the doorkeepers of the different departments, and direct them to see to it that they are delivered to the persons to whom they are addressed. The circulars have also been sent to all officers of the army and navy. Army and navy officers are not expected to become partisans. Whatever their convictions are they never take any active part in politics, and, according to the statement of one of the oldest officers of the army, have never before received requests to make a political contribution from any political party. . . .

"It is to be remembered that these assessments are not the first that have been made in this campaign. They are supplemental assessments made for use in the last hours of the campaign. They follow at least two or three other demands from the National Democratic Committee upon the same persons for money aid."

How much money is raised by such means and the others at Mr. Barnum's command it is of course impossible to say. No doubt the sum is very great. And undoubtedly it is true that the use of money in the last few days of the canvass and on election day, is the one instrumentality now relied upon to compass Mr. Cleveland's reelection. Indeed there is a remarkable frankness on the subject among some of his supporters. The *Charleston, S. C., News and Courier* declares that his success "is a question of money," and *naïvely* goes on to say that: "With an abundance of

money in the party treasury the National Democracy will certainly elect their candidates. Without an abundant supply of money for campaign purposes the Democratic candidates will be in serious danger of defeat."

With these facts before the American people, we trust they will be able to understand the nature of the danger which now confronts them.

CONGRESS adjourned on Saturday last after the longest, but by no means the most fruitful, session in its history. If the notion that the interests of the country are best served by having different parties in control of each branch needed any refutation, this session furnished that evidence. Good laws were shelved because the credit of their passage would have gone to the branch which originated them; bad bills were passed because the branch to which they came feared the odium of standing in the way of some popular gust of feeling. The whole work of the session was meagre and unsatisfactory, and there is the greatest difficulty in fixing the responsibility for much of this result. But when we compare the record made by the two houses, we find that the Senate originated more good legislation than did the House, although its looser rules of proceeding put it at a disadvantage for the despatch of business. And several of its most important measures, notably the Blair bill, the International Copyright bill, and the bill to refund the Direct Tax to those States which paid it, failed of passage through the indifference or hostility of the House, or the careful organization of its committees to prevent legislation unacceptable to Mr. Carlisle and his immediate associates. The one important bill that passed the House but was not acted upon in the Senate,—the Mills bill,—was the worst of the whole session. But that was not smothered in Committee, as was the Blair bill, nor killed by filibustering as was the Direct Tax bill, nor killed by indifference as was the Copyright bill. The issue it presented was faced frankly, and a substitute for it was prepared, but the late date at which it had reached the Senate prevented action at this session.

WE have received from many quarters strong approval of our statement that the Republican party must find some way of sun-dering the Surplus question from the Protective policy. It is very generally felt that the course taken by the party in conceding that the Surplus furnished a reason for reducing the duties of the Tariff and for repealing certain Internal Revenue taxes is pregnant with danger for the future. If the American policy of protection to home industry is to be a permanent feature of our government, it must be made such whether the revenue derived from the Tariff is in excess of the needs of the national government or not. The country has need for all the revenue the national government can collect by any easy and desirable methods of taxation; and if the American people cannot use this revenue through one of their organs of collective action, they can do so through others, whose functions are all but atrophied through need of the revenue which the government is asked to throw away.

THE Free Trade instincts of this administration, as shown by the worship of cheapness above all things, are incapable of repression, even when it would be good policy for Mr. Cleveland's advisers to profess a virtue they do not possess. First Mr. Endicott must send to England to buy blankets for the navy because he can get them a few cents cheaper than from the American makers, but of a bad quality which more than loses the difference. And now Mr. Vilas and his Commissioner of Indian Affairs have gone to Tennessee to purchase wagons for the Indians from a manufacturer who employs nothing but the labor of the State's slaves, who are confined in involuntary servitude for crime. In this case

there was a mixture of laudable motive, as the Commissioner who gave the order was from Tennessee and wished to give his State a lift in its growing industries, by putting this contract out among her people. If it had been the free labor of Tennessee he employed, there could have been no just objection to his course. We should be glad to see the rising industries of the Southern states get "their share" of government work, when it could be given them without injury to the public service. But the convict labor which the State of Tennessee sells to contractors is entitled to no consideration of any kind at the hands of the national government, and its employment in this case will not increase the labor vote for Mr. Cleveland's reëlection.

AT midnight on Tuesday the Women's Christian Temperance Union convention at New York closed its sessions, the last business,—which had occupied much of the day,—being the consideration of the question whether the "official organ" of the body, the *Union Signal*, should be approved in its declaration that any member of the Union who did not uphold the "Third Party" Prohibition movement was "disloyal." This fulmination of the *Signal* was leveled at Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, of Iowa, who has insisted that the Union should be non-partisan, and that she as an individual had a right to favor any party she preferred, and at the Iowa branch of the Union, which had offered a Protest. The vote against Mrs. Foster is said, (in a card issued by Miss Willard), to have been 253 to 19.

This is a condemnation of all those members of the Union, who, with Mrs. Foster, have resisted the scheme of Miss Willard to work the organization as a pendant and affluent of the Third Party. The protest of the Iowa Union was dignified, earnest, and on higher ground than that which Miss Willard has preferred to take. It pronounced the partisan (Third Party) declarations of 1884 and 1886 "wrong in principle, unchristian in method, and disastrous in results," and went on to say: "The moral influence of woman is the political power which stands to her in place of the ballot. This moral influence is [now] pledged to a political party. . . . It lowers the moral tone of our organization and threatens its very life."

It cannot be doubted that the Union has done itself serious and probably fatal injury. As an annex to a party conducted by such persons as Dr. Brooks and Mr. St. John, and used to help re-elect Mr. Cleveland, it has no claim on those women and men who, loving their country, believe that Mr. Cleveland's election would be a defeat of America. It leaves no choice to those who are not Democrats or assistant Democrats but to withdraw from Miss Willard's machine. She has a right,—technical, if not moral,—to help injure her country, but surely she need not expect women who have engaged with her in what they understood to be a work of moral reform to follow her into partisan work behind a political flag which their patriotic convictions revolt against.

AND there can be no doubt that conscientious and considerate women will do well to reëxamine the ground upon which the Union has been working. Its supposed object, and doubtless its original principle, was a moral and social effort to turn individuals from intemperate to temperate living. Fifty years ago Temperance recorded its triumphs in the reformation of drunkards, the reduction of the number of the saloons by the voluntary withdrawal of their keepers from their traffic, and in the diffusion of a literature which created a watchfulness against the temptations of strong drink. Next to the direct influence of Christianity itself upon the hearts of men, the movement begun by Lyman Beecher in his "Six Sermons" probably has done the most to clear the moral atmosphere of American life. But now there is only here and there a man like Francis Murphy, who is working on the old lines and for the same results. The modern triumphs of "Temperance" are recorded in the election returns, and the scientific notion that men are to be saved by altering their environment has superseded the Christian principle that the change must be

achieved in themselves. As the Iowa Union says, the W. C. T. U. has abandoned Christian methods by becoming a political party to achieve results on the level to which political parties must confine their efforts. It has come to put its trust in the law-book, and not on the regenerating forces which renew human wills. It believes no longer in the "still, small voice," but in the tempest which rends the rocks and the fire that consumes them. Its model is Elijah and not Christ.

What is needed is a really Christian association of the friends of Temperance, which shall eschew political agitation and action from the outset, and which shall take up the neglected work of the great temperance reformers, Beecher, Edgar, Matthews, Gough, and their company.

THE bitterness between the two factions of the Democratic party in New York has increased instead of diminishing as the election approaches. Mr. Barnum professes to see an augury of success for Mr. Cleveland in the division of the party over the municipal nominations. He says that when there is but one ticket in the field the vote is not brought out, as in 1880, while the presence of several stirs up party interest to the advantage of the national ticket. This plausible theory ignores the fact that there is such a thing as trading in politics. There is some of that going on in New York at the present moment, because the Democratic politicians of that city are more interested in securing the election of their candidate for mayor, than in reëlecting Mr. Cleveland. The Mayor now to be chosen will have the selection of no less than twenty-two heads of departments under the new city charter, and these officials and their appointees will draw salaries aggregating not less than a million dollars a year. Compared with this the patronage of the president in the city is a drop in the bucket, and even what he has must be shared with the Democrats of the interior counties, while the whole million goes to partisans of the successful candidate. Hence the eagerness of Tammany Hall and the County Democracy to keep this sweet morsel for themselves, and their refusal to trust each other in its division. Their anxiety for their respective factions will undoubtedly have the consequence of drawingsome "trades" from Republicans, who not believing their own candidate, Colonel Erhardt, likely to be chosen, will vote for either Hewitt or Grant in exchange for a vote or two for Harrison. We believe this trading bad policy on the part of the Republicans: the chance for Erhardt is too good to throw away: but of course the result must be Cleveland's loss.

THE negotiation with the Sioux for the opening of their Dakota reservation having been transferred to Washington by the visit of their chiefs, extended conferences were held last week with the President and the Secretary of the Interior. They ended, however, in the refusal of the chiefs to accept either the offer of Congress, or the more liberal offers proposed by the President and Secretary. In particular they demanded \$1.25 an acre for the land, (the portion not taken up "in severalty"), and desired immediate payment.

Upon this question of price, there are some considerations on both sides. As the Government price for land is \$1.25 an acre, the Indians' demand for that seems at first glance not unreasonable. But as a matter of fact there are parts of the reservation not good for either agriculture or grazing, and these will not be taken up,—certainly not for a long time to come,—by any one. Of course, the Indians, in the allotment to them will expect and are entitled to good land, and thus the poorer and less desirable portions will be left the Government.

Naturally enough, behind the opposition to every proposal for the sale of the lands there lies the reluctance of the chiefs to have severalty tenure substituted for the present tenure in common, as the Dawes law provides. That change would very much weaken the power of the chiefs over the members of the tribes, by securing to the latter a degree of personal liberty which never can exist in a community burdened with land-communism. In some

way it must be managed to make the emergence of the individual Indian from that condition independent of the consent of the tribe. We cannot but sympathize with the firmness of the chiefs who stand out, yet no intelligent friend of the Indian doubts that the tribal tenure must give way to individual holding, and that in Dakota this must come very soon.

THE canvass in Pennsylvania is spirited, and there have been conclusive evidences of the deep interest of the people exhibited in the size and numbers of meetings and processions. But it is necessary for the Republicans to remember that these alone are not enough. A full vote is required, also. It is especially necessary in the Congressional districts. The present delegation in Congress from this State contains 20 Republicans and 8 Democrats, and in several cases the majorities in 1884 were small. Two districts now represented by Democrats, (Mr. Scott and Mr. Hall), in the northwestern corner of the state, are strongly Republican, and will no doubt choose members of that party, but the Clearfield district, now represented by Mr. Patton, Rep., is, on the other hand, strongly Democratic. It will require an earnest effort to improve the complexion of the delegation, but there ought to be at least a nett gain of one.

One of the closest and hardest fought districts is the Seventh, composed of two large counties adjoining Philadelphia—Montgomery, with a population exceeding 100,000, and Bucks with about 75,000,—both deeply interested in industrial prosperity, but each containing a large representation of the same German Democratic element as that of Berks, Lehigh, and Northampton counties. The vote in the two counties in 1884, was :

	<i>Blaine</i>	<i>Cleveland</i>
Montgomery,	11,617	11,088
Bucks,	8,194	8,304
Totals,	19,811	19,392

In so large an aggregate this is a narrow margin, and a desperate effort is making to defeat Mr. Yardley, the candidate of Protection, and elect Mr. Ross, who represents the Free Trade movement. The district as it stood in 1886, when Mr. Yardley was elected by 2,135 plurality, did not contain the whole of Bucks county: the new apportionment made by the State legislature in 1887 made the district as it now is, with its very close vote. We sincerely trust that no voter in either Bucks or Montgomery county who desires to maintain the industrial independence and prosperity of the country will fail to give Mr. Yardley his most earnest support.

As Colonel Norwood P. Hallowell, of Boston, said in addressing a meeting of colored voters in that city on Monday evening, it is not surprising that the old anti-slavery men, (like Colonel Higginson), who have now gone over to the Democratic side "should try to make us think that a free ballot and a fair count are not among the issues of this campaign." No doubt they will want very much to obscure that issue. And there are other questions as well. Here, for instance, is young Mr. John F. Andrew, recently a Mugwump, now a Democrat, running for Congress in Mr. Cleveland's colors, in the Third district of Massachusetts, who must wish to forget what his heroic father, John A. Andrew, the "War Governor" of that State, said in his last inaugural address :

"Had the Rebellion been successful the Southern policy would have been to impose a light revenue duty on exports (which would have affected the Northern as well as the European buyers) and also to impose a greatly reduced duty on European manufactures. Thus on introduction of foreign manufactured goods into the South they hoped, by discriminating against our manufactures and by controlling seven-eighths of the navigable rivers of the continent, and of their reach into the interior, to smuggle foreign goods into the West and the Northwest, despite the laws of the United States, with the intent to disintegrate the free States, to break down American manufactures, discourage skilled, intelligent labor, and reduce the laboring classes, by measures alike audacious and insidious, to the dependence held by the Slave Power appropriate for the masses of men.

"I desire to see not only slavery extirpated, but its policy reversed, and

an American policy inaugurated which will secure at once the freedom of the people, the strength of the Government, and the independence of American industry."

The insight and the courage of the father were of the sort that save a state: but what shall be said of the son?

MR. DICKINSON, the Postmaster-General, in his campaign speeches in the Northwest, recalls the Copperhead note of twenty-five years ago more distinctly than any other northern speaker. His favorite theme is the vileness of New England, as a group of States which draw upon the rest of the country for their substance, but render no service in return. In his view the Tariff makes it possible for them to enrich themselves at the expense of the West and South, of which, according to this eminent statist, they purchase nothing whatever. This is all right: Mr. Dickinson does well to "spit out the spite." He and his associates are just as much stirrers of strife between sections to-day as when it was proposed by some of them that the other Northern States should join the Confederacy one by one and "leave New England out in the cold." The root of the Free Trade heresy, as of the State Rights heresy, is in a defective sense of national unity. Both set themselves instinctively to preach particularism either of classes or of sections, or of both as in this case. When a man has a strong and clear appreciation of what is involved in being a member of the nation, and of his share in that great life which binds us together in common benefits and common growth, he is naturally on the side of his country against both forms of apostasy. But the old political heresies of the school of Calhoun and the new Anglomania work equally well to make Free Traders.

MR. MILLS is not so fortunate as to stand quite sure of a re-election to the House. There are Democrats and Democrats in Texas. In the Ninth District there are strong Protectionists, who prefer Mr. Randall's type of Democracy to that of Mr. Roger Quincy Mills; and they have found a candidate to their mind in Colonel Jones, who is making a strong canvass of the voters. He charges Mr. Mills with having been on both sides of every question in recent politics,—Knownothingism, Greenbackism, Prohibitionism, etc. He calls the attention of the wool-growers of the district to Mr. Mills's speech in New England, where he told the wool-manufacturers they would be much better off with wool on the Free List. Mr. Jones does not believe in enriching the wool manufacturers of New England at the expense of the wool-growers of Texas, nor for that matter do more than a corporal's guard of the wool-manufacturers of New England believe in it. They have learnt a good deal on that subject in the last five years, and they know that their surest supply, at prices mutually satisfactory, is to be had from the American growers.

THE trial of Mr. Parnell and the other members of the Home Rule delegation in Parliament before a special Commission proceeds so slowly that good judges of the law's delays think it will not be at an end before next spring. It now appears that the Tory government have reached the conclusion that their political fortunes are bound up with those of *The Times*, as Sir Richard Webster, the Attorney-General, appears in court as counsel for Mr. Walter. The rôle of the prosecution is now to treat the alleged "Parnell Letters" as a secondary matter, and to offer to prove the charges of their omnibus indictment by evidence quite independent of them. But this will not do. The reason for appointing the Commission was found in the fact that *The Times* professed to have documentary evidence against Mr. Parnell which went to prove him unworthy of his seat in the House of Commons. It will not serve the purpose to rake up all the evidence of technical illegality which may be found in the archives of Dublin Castle and the records of the Irish Court. Whatever the Commission may think, that is an evasion of the true issue, as much as when *The Times* kindly offered the Commission its valuable services in pursuing an informal investigation of its own charges, and was ordered peremptorily to appear as the prosecu-

tor. And in that instance the Commission showed some willingness to take that view of the case which commended itself to the English love of fair play.

There is a very general feeling in England that the result of the investigation will affect very gravely the political situation. Mr. Parnell has prepared the way for that by declaring his readiness to abandon public life if he cannot disprove the charges made by the *Times*. The people accept this as a challenge from him to the Tories for a life-and-death struggle, and they will understand Sir Richard Webster's appearance in the case as the acceptance of his challenge. Of course there is no immediate way of forcing a ministry with a majority to resign or go to the country in a general election. But there are many indirect ways of reaching that result, and one is the weakening of the hold of a discredited ministry upon its own followers, who then press all sorts of private fads which lead to damaging defeats. Lord Salisbury will come out of this struggle either more able to put off the day of Home Rule, or so discredited before the public that his overthrow will be a question of months, not of years.

It is observed that the two wings of the old Liberal party are farther apart than ever. There is no further talk of conferences to reconcile Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain with Mr. Gladstone. The Unionists have ceased to proclaim in their speeches that they are "as good Liberals as ever." They have drawn distinctly nearer to their Tory allies, and farther away from their former associates. Mr. Labouchere, a Radical Home Ruler, protests against comparing Mr. Chamberlain, a Radical Unionist, to Judas Iscariot, on the ground that it is unfair to Judas. On neither side is there any exhibition of conciliatory temper, or any other open sign of a hope that differences may be smoothed over and common ground reached.

ONE good effect of the trouble raised by *The Times* will be to impress upon the Home Rule party the responsibility of their position. It has been among the curses that alien rule has inflicted on Ireland that the popular leaders, being hopelessly in opposition with no chance of having to take office, have not been curbed in their speech by the possibility that they may not be expected to live up to the things they say. This vice of the situation has made them incline to overstatement to an extent which in England or America is true only of small parties. And it has made them tolerant of small local fanatics, who had nothing to commend them but an intemperate zeal. It is upon these things that the enemies of the Home Rule cause now lay hold to discredit it before the English people, although they are an indirect but natural result of the refusal of Home Rule. But the chances of the English people taking up the Home Rule cause has given them reason for much greater watchfulness over their words and actions than they thought necessary in the earlier years of the struggle. Hence the apparent inconsistency of Mr. Parnell's course, on which Sir Richard Webster commented. While he lay in Kilmainham jail, by order of Mr. Gladstone's Secretary for Ireland, he joined in a proclamation to the Irish people advising them to pay no rent until their representatives were set at liberty. But when Mr. O'Brien devised the "Plan of Campaign" to coerce unjust landlords to make further concession to their suffering tenantry, Mr. Parnell wisely refrained from expressing any approval of that measure.

CAN THE RESULT BE BOUGHT?

FROM the beginning of this campaign it was plain that its one great danger to America lay in the lavish use of money to corrupt the election. Many facts made it certain that the corruption fund for use in the movement for Free Trade would be large. From all the alien interests in this country, from the importing class, from those who hold the national offices, from wealthy Democratic managers, and from the great competing interests beyond the sea, a vast sum was sure to be had. The last class alone could well afford to pay largely for the possession of the Amer-

ican market, and the office-holders could be freely bled of their salaries when no longer any scruple, or pretense of attachment to Civil Service Reform, stood in the way.

We are now precisely at the realization of this danger to the Republic. Practically, Mr. Cleveland has stood defeated for two months past. Despite the pressure from the disfranchised and solid section whose electors are a "Trust," despite the vote of the saloon wards of New York City, a great majority of the American people in the free-election States have signified their condemnation of him and his policy. If the election had occurred at any time since the first day of September, he could hardly have received one electoral vote north of the old area of Slavery.

It is a question, now, whether money will prevail. Can the American Republic be bought? Can its interests be bartered away by that marginal element of "floaters," whose suffrages, in a few States, are for sale? There is such an element in Indiana and in New Jersey. In Connecticut there are such men,—largely the product of the methods employed by Mr. William H. Barnum, now the Chairman of the National Democratic Committee, in his political campaigns. There are such men, of course, in a great city like New York, and in other places in that State. And it is for these that great sums have been collecting in the interest of Free Trade, during the last fortnight. The departments at Washington have been "worked" by Mr. Barnum himself, to say nothing of many other agents, and it is testified from that city that at no time for many years,—certainly never since the public revolt against "political assessments,"—has there been so open and so general an extortion of payments from the official class. For the purchase of the "floaters" this money must be had.

There is, we believe, no occasion for alarm. But there is reason for concern. There is reason for vigilance and exertion. There is reason for every honest American to resent the effort of alien interests to control his country by corruption. There is reason for every courageous American to help make it impossible either for corruptionists to buy, or for venal voters to sell, the margin of majority upon which the election will turn. The danger is great but it can be met, and we believe will be met. We do not believe the result can be bought away from the people. Beset as it is on many sides, insidiously weakened at many points by faithless guardians, and handicapped in the expression of its energy by a shameful sectional wrong, the nation is still strong, and we believe strong enough. Seeing the nature of the peril which confronts it, we believe that its independence will be once more vindicated and its integrity maintained.

THE KEY-NOTE FROM MARTINSBURG.

TO what intensity the resentment of the Free Trade Cult toward the villains who have established furnaces and factories in America may finally rise no one can say. As the national canvass draws to a close it is very fierce indeed, and if the majority of the people in the election States should decide to encourage these home industries by disapproving the free import of foreign-made products, it would be rash to predict how hot the resentment of the F. T. C. will become.

At Martinsburg, West Virginia, a fortnight ago, when General Goff was explaining to his audience that this election afforded them the opportunity of saying whether they would encourage American industrial establishments to continue in operation, the partisans of his opponent, (it was a joint debate), cried out vehemently, "Down with the factories!" They did not propose to be misled by General Goff's appeal. It was his object, we have no doubt, to influence the people present in favor of his policy of home industry, by the argument that if they voted to let in foreign products freely the home mills would be injured and probably closed up. But his Free Trade hearers saw through his method, and went directly to the core of the matter. When he said the factories might suffer, they responded promptly, "Down with them!"

This clear vision and vigorous spirit is by no means confined to Martinsburg: the manifestation there is simply one illustration of the general sense of the Free Trade Cult. Their attacks upon manufacturers have been steadily maintained. They fully see why it is that a man who builds a mill or a shop is a robber baron. In this region, the assault upon one iron-working firm,—at Penncoyd,—was noticed in *THE AMERICAN* some weeks ago, and it has been vigorously followed up by corresponding assaults upon most if not all those who have established industrial operations in Eastern Pennsylvania. The shameful rascality of the men who build factories in which carpets can be made, or wool formed into cloth, or cotton spun and woven into muslin has been energetically exposed by reporters and writers of anonymous letters, and vigorously denounced by editors; while the amazing infamy of an iron and steel firm which builds works employing over three thousand men, and which so enlarges its plant as to be able to cast cannon and make ship-plates, for the defense of the American coasts, is held up to due shame and condemnation.

Of course, if the solid South, and the ten thousand New York saloons, using the officeholders' assessments and the contributions of the Trusts, can procure a formal endorsement of the scheme to close up the factories and shops, the wrath of the Free Trade Cult may for a time be in some degree assuaged. But we do not presume it would be for long. As the country,—that is to say the Free Trade Cult,—would be so much happier with all manufactures brought from abroad, the unnatural effort to produce them here should not only be scotched but crushed. An abomination ought not to be temporized with. Robber barons should not merely be discouraged, they should be exterminated. The cry from Martinsburg is in reality a key-note,—one of those expressions of force which burst forth naturally and spontaneously from a great movement, and which resound down the ages. It is perfectly consistent, perfectly legitimate, and altogether frank. To oppose the policy which built up home industries, and not to denounce its results; to advocate the interests of foreign producers, and yet have no word of condemnation for men who deliberately set up competing productions in our very midst, would be absurd. The resentment of the Free Trade Cult toward American mills and shops is as appropriate as anything in history, and no one can justly say that they are inconsistent with their doctrine when they cry "Down with the factories," or demand that the audacious persons who built them, and ask to have them protected, shall be held up to the general execration.

While, however, there remains a doubt as to the national acceptance of the Martinsburg key-note, there will be room for some apprehension as to the consequences of a negative decision upon the Free Trade Cult. It is possible that their heat might destroy themselves. Men so indignant over so serious a subject cannot always keep their resentment within safe bounds. And this furnishes a new argument for the Mills bill and its candidate. We must vote the factories down, or the Free Trade gentlemen may burn up with their own fire.

ACORNS AND OAKS.

THERE have been several nipping frosts already, and now the cold gray sky threatens rain. Under the oaks there is naught but gloomy silence—

"the very birds are mute,
Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer
The leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near."

And well they may, for soon the shortening days will bring a northern blast that shall strip bare the trees; the winding wood-path will be hidden; the moss-grown roots, great wooden serpents, harshly kinked and curled, will be lost; the scattered birds' nests in the leafless thicket stand out in melancholy array, a deserted village. A new world is open now to the rambler; but let him take heed lest his thoughts be of what has been and not of what is. It is a too common error.

There are many compensations for the want of leaves. The showy dogwood that, this year, blossomed before the snow-banks of the great March storm had melted, offers berries of the brightest crimson in their place. The fruit-laden alder glows as a cloud

of fire; but turning from these last brilliant gifts of the dying year, let us take up an humbler theme. I love to gather acorns. I learned to love them many a year ago, when, deftly transforming them into cups and saucers, I dealt out tea to others, fun-loving as myself. Such retrospection is too sad to be courted now, but every acorn that I gather summons a picture that but slowly fades.

A half dozen or more species of oaks that either cluster on the hill-side or are scattered over the meadows provide acorns of as many patterns, but all are, of course, distinctively that fruit. One cannot mistake the acorn for any other nut, as he might the leaves of the tree that bore it. Those of one species are like the chestnut's foliage; another's is like that of the willow. Of the various shapes, colors and sizes, I prefer the pretty marbled fruit of the chestnut oak, which is usually as richly colored as the asters and golden rods upon which it falls. Why I gather them, often until my pockets overflow, I cannot tell; but as I look upon them they appear such goodly nuts, that none should go to waste, and yet of all tree-products, none seem so neglected—so without a purpose. Unlike the chinkapin or hazel nut, they cannot be eaten; at least, I have yet to find a person who owns to eating them; and not one in thousands, if it sprouts, becomes even a sapling; not one in a million reaches to the dignity of an oak tree.

Are acorns bitter or sweet according to the soil upon which they grow? I am surprised to find any of them asserted to be edible, in Gray's Manual. Here they are disgustingly bitter; or are we over nice, because of having such an abundance of sweeter nuts? I have called them a "neglected" nut, and so they really seem. Nor mice nor squirrels care for them while other food lasts. I have found untouched hoards of acorns that squirrels had gathered, but left because the shell-barks also stored had proved sufficient. And yet I have seen squirrels bury them with care, as though foreseeing their needs, and planting an oak for their indefinitely great grandchildren. I do not suppose a squirrel proposes to disinter the nuts it hides singly in the ground and use them as food. A mammal with such an extraordinary memory would soon cease to be a mere mammal by reason of it. It is, perhaps, as hard to believe that it plants the acorn that a tree may grow. Why it does it, is a problem yet to be solved. It may have no connection with the hoarding of many nuts in the hollow of a tree, the purpose of which is unmistakable. Is it a survival of a habit established in an earlier geological epoch?

Birds are said to eat them, but this is a rare occurrence here, I think. The blue jay is said to hoard them for winter use. I have never seen any evidence of this, but have known these birds to feed upon beechnuts and chinkapins. These latter nuts, however, do not appear ever to be stored away, in this neighborhood, by the jays. Life higher in the scale than the larvae of insects, it would seem, practically ignores the acorn. It appears, therefore, to be a fruit born under a lucky star, but is it? Plant one and be you ever so careful the chances are slim that you will possess an oak. As a twig with two leaves it is full of promise; but there alas! the matter ends. The upstart weeds of April crowd them to the wall. An infant oak shrinks to fatal obscurity beneath the shadow of a bramble. But should fortune smile upon the timid growth and sapling-hood be reached, then practically all danger is passed and a perfect oak is promised to the succeeding century. Until at least one hundred years old the tree is incomplete, however symmetrical its branches or stately its general mien. The solid, gnarly limb; the wide-spreading crown, in outline almost a globe; the deeply wrinkled bark; the twisted roots above the sod, and mossy nooks between them; these are not features of a growing tree, but of the completed growth.

It is an ideal forest where these trees are grouped, and pleasure enough for a day's ramble to meet with even one such tree. Oak forests are features of the past, and when we come to deal with dry statistics the number of really fine old oaks scattered over the country is painfully small. Happy is he who can lead his friend to a dozen in a day's walk. Let me not be misunderstood. I do not refer to oak trees merely, but to matured oaks, trees from one to four or five centuries old. At present I know of but one, but it is perfect.

Two hundred years ago it was vigorous and large, and was spared for the goodly shade it gave, when, in 1690, the Crosswicks meeting-house was built. Five generations of my kin have gathered beneath its wide-spreading branches, and whenever I chance to pass that way I long to know the wealth of secrets locked in its speechless heart. In the traditions of half a score of families that I could name this old oak prominently figures. It has been the silent witness of mild tragedy and harmless comedy from generation to generation. Eye has met eye, and hand clasped hand beneath this tree, that so doing sealed the happiness of many an anxious heart. Under the Crosswicks oak, to-day, the past and present mingle. Time hath wrought few changes save in those who come and go. Were the Friends who worshipped here

two centuries ago to return to earth, they would know the meeting-house they built, and this noble oak beside it.

There are several pin oaks in the home meadows, of which I never tire. Three that shade a dozen rods of a pretty brook are giants of their race, and gathered near are all the glories of October. To explore these trees is to learn much of the wild life of the neighborhood, for squirrels, opossums and occasionally a coon harbor in the hollows of their trunks or find security in the wilderness of their close-set limbs; mice safely tunnel among the tangled roots; birds nest in the tree, in summer, as well as rest in it throughout the year. From its topmost twig the sentinel crow announces the danger, if any, to its weed-hidden followers in the marsh; and a red-letter day is that when an eagle deigns to spend a few hours on the meadows, making the largest of these pin-oaks his resting place. His presence is only submitted to under very audible protest by the resident birds. Particularly if it be spring or early summer the crows and king-birds are not only very outspoken, but follow the words with blows. I have seen a thoroughly organized band of crows attack an eagle and force him to retire. The dauntless king-bird does not hesitate to rise above and pounce down upon the eagle's back so long as the latter remains comparatively near the ground, but the fearless fly-catcher cannot follow when the eagle soars to any great elevation.

Throughout October, unless storm-beaten, the leaves and acorns drop but slowly, and there is often dense shade beneath these pin-oaks, during November's half-mythical Indian summer. As yet, there is no change; leaves and fruit are still stem-bound, although the month is near its close. But elsewhere, a mighty change has been effected and the richness of color scattered along the hillside is something marvellous. When the meadows, in September, were purple with Vernonia and the brookside golden with Helenium, the limit of gorgeous display was supposed to have been reached, but how it pales before October's tinted leaves! If the meadows were grand in September the adjoining hillside is fairly dazzling now. The little forest has caught the trick of the sunset, and glows, at the season's setting, with all the glory of the evening's western sky.

But the wind is rising. The robins chatter, the kinglets scold, and many a warbler hurries from the oaks as if it feared the shower of leaves and acorns that fills the air. In such a shower, I am all eagerness to stand and catch at the listless leaves that seem never ready to quite touch the ground. The acorns that fall at such a time are really few in number. I do not remember ever being struck by one, although to lie under the tree, face upward, and watch the fluttering leaves, is a favorite pastime. It is the sharp clatter upon the heaped-up leaves or dull thud as they strike the yielding moss that gives a contrary impression; and generally, although so often forewarned, I look to see the ground covered; when, in fact, sharp eyes are needed to find the few that fell.

It may not have occurred to ramblers generally, but to lie upon one's back and study a tree-top, and particularly an old oak, while in this position, has many advantages. If not so markedly so in October as in June, still the average tree-top is a busy place, though you might not expect it, judged by the ordinary methods of observation. If you simply stand beneath the branches of a tree or climb into them, you are too apt to be looked upon as an intruder. If you lie down and watch the play, often a tragedy, with a good glass, you will certainly be rewarded; and not least of all, you can take your departure without some one or more of your muscles being painful from too long use. If the tree-top life deigns to consider you at all, when you are flat upon your back, it will count you merely as a harmless freak of Nature.

Often have I been fairly startled by the boldness of migrating warblers that came to the lowermost twigs and then scanned me closely as though I too might prove good feeding ground. I have expected, more than once, that the birds would alight upon me, but as yet they have only come very near to doing so.

I have often been asked, which of our wild birds is the tamest? All seem tame enough to me, but the two which have appeared the most indifferent to my presence are the brown tree-creeper and the black and white tree-creeping warbler. Only recently, while gathering acorns under the big pin-oaks, I had them come within reach of my cane; and in fact, they usually do so; but when to watch other birds I have been lying beneath the tree where its limbs nearly touch the ground, they have come as near as possible, without leaving the tree's trunk, around which they ran. Often I have tried to catch with my hands the brown tree-creeper, but it always kept just out of reach. Unless I was too demonstrative, it would seldom fly. The creeping warbler is not quite so tame, yet I have many times marvelled at its fearlessness; particularly during cold November days, when it seemed more intent upon food-gathering than its personal safety.

A circumstance, itself of little moment, held me, not long since, until a one-act comedy was performed. My readers will

agree that one spectator was enough. For some time I had been gazing skyward from the ground beneath an oak. Its wide-spread, labyrinthine top was silent for a time, and if I did not fall quite asleep, I at least had but a confused idea of my whereabouts, and the dropping of an acorn, falling very near my head, did not arouse me; but soon another and another came in quick succession and I was at last aware of being in the line of some busy squirrel, or jay perhaps, overhead. I could not see the acorn-plucking creature, and somewhat curious about it, awaited developments with my eyes widely open. Presently a flock of noisy robins came from behind me, and alighting in the oak I forgot the dropping acorns as I listened to them. Then I heard, but could not see, a flock of red-wings that came from over the creek and rested in the same old oak. Their voices with those of the robins filled the air with music, and I was charmed as I watched and listened, lying flat upon my back—but suddenly all were silent, and then, like a flash of light, red-wings and robins together beat a precipitate retreat with a pigeon-hawk in pursuit, darting earthward and outward over the meadow and directly over me.

So far, a tragedy rather; but there is yet more to tell. I was directly in the track of these frightened birds, and to the cathartic effects of fear I am ready to testify.

For the moment I thought it more, but it was, in fact, but a trivial matter, although I do not care to have it repeated; and now, while I write, I am ready again, weather permitting, to lie under the oaks, or to wander beneath their out-reaching branches and fill my pockets with acorns.

Near Trenton, N. J.

CHARLES C. ABBOTT.

WEEKLY NOTES.

AS most people know, "Spiritualism" began at Hydeville, in Wayne County, New York, in 1848, with the mediumistic performances of two young girls. These "Fox sisters," along with their older and married sister, took rank in point of time, as the first mediums, if we except those who had taken part in similar phenomena among the Shakers at Watervliet and other places, beginning in 1838. From that time till our own, all three have been among the most distinguished representatives of Spiritualism. Margaret Fox, who became the wife of Dr. Kane, the Arctic explorer, was the means of converting Mr. Robert Dale Owen to a belief in Spiritualism. She was one of the mediums who submitted to tests by the Seybert Commission, in this city, two years ago, but failed to do anything at all astonishing in the course of the *seance*. She failed entirely to convey from Mr. Seybert to the Commission any information such as actual contact with his spirit or even clever mind-reading of the persons present would have made possible, although she foiled them in their efforts to detect her in making raps by muscular movements of any kind.

It has caused, therefore, no ordinary sensation that she and one of her sisters now unite in the public declaration that Spiritualism has been a fraud upon the public from the first, so far as they have been concerned. Last Sunday Mrs. Kane gave a public exhibition in New York, in which she showed how raps were made by the muscles of the great toe, bringing one joint of the toe into percussion with the other. That this exposure will have the effect of discrediting Spiritualism with those who have embraced that belief, there is no reason to suppose. The Katie King exposure in this city produced very little effect upon believers, and so with the various exposures of the frauds practiced in connection with materializations in dark circles. The best result to be hoped is that it will lead people to approach the question in a more scrutinizing spirit than heretofore.

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DR. WOODROW'S friends are by no means disheartened or discouraged by the declaration of the Southern Presbyterian Assembly against the very mild form of the Evolution theory which he has been teaching. As the declaration in question was *in thesi*, or upon a general statement of doctrine, referred to the Assembly for its opinion, and not in the shape of a charge of heresy against any person in particular, it does not silence those who hold the theory thus condemned from teaching it still. So the Synod of South Carolina and the Presbytery of Augusta, Ga., have shown their open sympathy with Dr. Woodrow. The former censures the authorities of the Theological Seminary at Columbia for forbidding students to attend Dr. Woodrow's lectures; the latter elects him moderator of the Presbytery for the present year. This does not mean that the majority agree with him in teaching the evolution of man's animal nature through lower forms of animal life, but that they think the General Assembly went beyond the Scriptures in condemning that view as unorthodox. Evidently the struggle is not over, nor will it cease until this hyper-orthodox denomination has been brought to practice the same toleration of the idea of mediate creation instead of immediate, which the other Churches of America have exercised.

It is announced that Mr. Tennyson awaits the passage of an international copyright law by the Congress of this country before publishing another volume of his poems. The Laureate may perhaps observe that the representatives of that party with which he especially sympathizes, now as in the days of the struggle for the Union, have refused his lordship this favor. The only utterance of opinion from any member of that party which especially attracted attention, in the discussion of the subject, was from a Democratic Senator who maintained that there was no such thing as a right of literary property. We are glad to say that other Senators of his party did not agree with him, but apparently he had influence with the majority (Democratic) in the House of Representatives, for they let the copyright bill fail of passage. So far at least as foreign authors are concerned they showed no desire to regard their right of property in their productions.

Will not his Lordship make a note of this fact? The chance of his publishing his poems under international copyright is at present from those in America who believe that "a fair price is better than a low price."

THE LESSER NATURE TO THE GREATER.

WHEN we have passed from this earth's busy scene,
When death's chill arms encircle us at last,
How will it be, love? Wilt thou backward cast
A longing look at all life's heat and rage?—
Nay, for thine eyes shall, busy, read a page
Thou never saw'st before. Dear love the past
Holds nothing like it! Thou shalt see, aghast,
Lines on my soul thou never dreamed, how sage
Soe'er thou still hast been.—But read, ah, read
There too the torment and the bitter strife,
As I strove up, learned secret tears to bleed
And thorns to bear, with endless longing rife
To reach thy stature! Surely this must plead!
Thou wilt not turn from me in that new life?

H. P. KIMBALL.

REVIEWS.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE WAR OF SECESSION, 1861-1865. By Rossiter Johnson, author of "A History of the French War Ending in the Conquest of Canada," and "A History of the War of 1812-16 Between the United States and Great Britain." Pp. xiv. and 552. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

WE are not familiar with Mr. Johnson's previous essays in the field of American history, but this book gives us a very favorable impression of his qualifications for such work. It is true that in places we find him slipping as to secondary matters, and that his perspective of events is not always to our mind the correct one. Nor are there wanting such marks of provincialism as the statement that "in Philadelphia a man named Passmore Williamson was imprisoned," etc. But withal the history is one of the most readable and spirited that we have seen. And its spirit is the right one. Mr. Johnson believes in his country, and in the righteousness of its cause. There is none of the "God knows which was right?" nonsense in his book. From first to last he holds up the cause of the Union as that of justice and freedom, rejoices in the victories and recalls the woes of the days of darkness and suspense. It is just the book to put into the hands of the rising generation, who need to know not only the facts but the lessons to be learned from the greatest chapter of modern history, and all the more so as the merely military interest never predominates in the author's mind. Those of us who lived through those four great years sometimes forget that the new voters know them only by hearsay, and can have no idea of what they stand for in the history of the nation, except through the efforts of their elders. For such work, Mr. Johnson's work will be an admirable aid. It treats the lost cause with as much respect as was earned for it by the valor of its soldiers and the genius of its generals, but it takes the national view of affairs from first to last.

The opening chapter deals with the anti-slavery struggle, out of which the war grew. We find it rather inadequate. It does not give the prominence they deserve to the three great measures of Congressional agitation: the Missouri Compromise, the Kansas-Nebraska bill, and the Wilmot Proviso. Nor does it discriminate between the several forms of opposition to slavery, and the principles laid down by each. This is important, as young people are apt to confound the Free-soilers with the Abolitionists and the Republicans with both.

The opening chapters of the struggle are well told, and the controverted parts of the story are not reached before Chapter X., when General McClellan comes into command of the Army of the

Potomac. Mr. Johnson pays little attention to the charges of political motives in McClellan's case, but he pronounces him incompetent for the work of defeating Lee, and censures sharply many parts of his conduct both in the campaign on the Peninsula and in that of Antietam. As for Gen. Fitz John Porter, he assumes the whole matter in dispute by asserting that "Porter knew, though Pope did not," that the former had Longstreet's division in front of him when he failed to obey the order to turn the flank of Jackson's position. If he knew that, he did not prove it or even allege it in the court-martial proceedings of 1863. If he had done so, it is certain that Mr. Lincoln would not have allowed him to be dismissed ignominiously from the service, and we know that the President read through the whole evidence before approving of the finding. It was not until the review of the case in later times, when all the persons most responsible for the punishment inflicted were dead, and the Southern officers could be called in Gen. Porter's defense, that it was made out that the movement Pope ordered was a dangerous one. At the court-martial the defense rested on the fact that the night was too dark for the advance to be made at the hour ordered, as though Gen. Pope did not know how dark the night was as well as Gen. Porter.

Mr. Johnson's description of Gettysburg is one of the best things in the book. He makes it clear that the honors of the fight so far as the commanders are concerned, are with Reynolds, Hancock, and Warren, and not with Meade, who must be held responsible for the failure to act on Hancock's plan of an effective pursuit with Sedgwick's unused and fresh corps. "Gettysburg was the Waterloo of the War," and on its field perished the Lost Cause "and as Americans, we may all be proud to say it that so far as manly courage could go, it died with dignity, if not with resignation." Yet Mr. Johnson thinks Lee was right in taking the offensive at that time, as recent victories at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville and present danger at Vicksburg made it imperative to make the move. And as no war can be won by those who stand on the defensive, the South according to Von Moltke only made its blunder in not invading the North at the outset.

For Grant and for his two greatest lieutenants Sherman and Sheridan, Mr. Johnson has a hearty admiration. We miss in his book any statement of the criticisms on the strategy which led to the battle of the Wilderness, and any notice of the strong feeling adverse to Grant which it excited even among the loyal people of the North.

The book concludes with a summary of the lessons to be learned from the story, which ends as follows: "It may be useful to learn from one war how to conduct another; but it is infinitely better to learn how to avert another. I am doubly anxious to impress this consideration upon my readers, because history seems to show that armed conflicts come in pairs, with an interval of a few years, and because I think I see in certain circumstances now existing within our beloved republic, the elements of a second civil war. No American citizen should lightly repeat that the result is worth all it cost, unless he has considered how heavy was the cost, and is prepared to do his utmost toward perpetuating the result. To strive to forget the great war for the sake of sentimental politics, is to cast away our dearest experience and invite, in some troubled future, the destruction we so hardly escaped in the past. There can be remembrance without animosity, but there can be no oblivion without peril." These words gain an additional weight from their coincidence with the warning to which General Sherman has given utterance in a recent number of the *North American Review*.

THE GUARDIANS. By the Authors of "A Year in Eden," and "A Question of Identity." Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1888.

"The Guardians" strikes us as a singularly immature book to have come from the pen of an accomplished critic and essayist like Miss Preston. It is, it is true, the joint work of herself and her niece, and all readers of the *Atlantic Monthly* are familiar with their collaborations. Both writers are close students, and have, besides, a wide experience of life, but their choice of a plot for their story seems to us unlucky, and offers few opportunities for their best talents to display themselves. For there is nothing fresh or unacknowledged in the situation of a young and handsome guardian to two pretty wards one of whom, at least, is in love with him. Yet often when invention fails, insight and sympathy and all the humor and pathos of the author's imagination help to throw fresh lights upon the twice-told story, and make us see for the first time the meaning of the ever-recurring miracle. But here we are led along paths familiar to our feet and of which we are a little weary; for in spite of all the loving care bestowed upon the description of the two young orphan girls, the reader becomes little interested in them.

To begin with, too much color is laid on the canvas: here, for example, is the description of Amory Wallis, the guardian,

which discourages the reader on the very first page. "Lips tender as Antinous' own, only not quite so sensuous, eyes veritably violet and in their look bright and haughty and unfathomably sad by turns; a low, white forehead, singularly framed in a growth of cloudy blonde hair." It would be difficult to believe that a hero with violet eyes full of unfathomable sadness, and who in his leisure looked up quotations from Byron, could be equal to the fine things the author says about him. It is luckily for him, the epoch when our Civil War began, and Amory Wallis rushes to the defense of his country and has a chance to show that he is no mere carpet knight before he comes into the story again. Meanwhile his two pretty wards grow up under the charge of his sister, Mrs. Rothery, a hard-hearted, level-headed Bostonian. Mrs. Rothery is a woman of no small determination to have her own way; but against two heroines each bent on spoiling her life in the completest manner possible, even that sensible matron is powerless. Ruth, the elder girl, is carried away by ritualism and makes a vow that if her blonde-haired guardian returns unscathed from the battle-field, she will join a sisterhood. Constance, the younger, by way of beginning her emancipation, makes a clandestine marriage at seventeen.

It may easily be seen that for heroines of the true old-fashioned sort like these, whose motto is "I will die, nobody shall help me," no happy issue, no rose-pink optimism, is possible. Ruth's view of herself and of her obligations is so deadly serious that she feels the whole system of created things would be put in jeopardy unless she fulfilled her vow; accordingly, although she is happily engaged to her guardian upon his return from the war, she bids him adieu forever and enters a convent. Constance, having a hard heart, lives on and flourishes in her wickedness.

The story is not only very weak, but it is shocking to the reader's good sense and artistic instinct. In the last quarter of the nineteenth century we demand that a heroine should stand on more solid ground than to desert her duty to her kind, and find anchorage in a convent safe from the storms of life. Even with so uninteresting a plot, the details of the book, the minor characters, and the conversations, might offer enough comedy, wit, and wisdom to compensate for the lack of a good story; but this cannot be said to be the case in "The Guardians." Miss Ingestre seems to have been put into the novel as a counteracting influence to the pervading seriousness, and she talks a great deal of inconsequent nonsense after the fashion of Flora in "Little Dorrit," but she can hardly be said to be amusing. The trouble with the book is that it is not true to life or experience; there is no clear daylight in it—no bright sunshine, no instinctive feeling for what is right and real, or mental aptitude for rejecting chaff and retaining pure, healthful grain. It is made up of well-worn literary odds and ends, and lacks from first to last the impulse which comes from a happy, spontaneous idea.

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THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Illustrated. 4to. Pp. 84. \$6.00. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

For treatment as a holiday book, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have selected this charming idyll of the popular poet, and have set it forth in all the good taste as to paper, typography, and binding which especially marks their work. The particular attractions are the illustrations, the broad and beautiful pages, an interesting Introductory Note, which will help the average reader,—and all other readers,—to an understanding of the origin of the poem, and of the place it filled in its author's estimation, and several pages of excellent Notes at the conclusion. An extract from Longfellow's journal shows that he began to write this poem on the 2d of December, 1857, moved thereto by the study which he had just been making of New England colonial times, and recalling the tradition long preserved in his family of the manner in which his ancestor John Alden had obtained his wife. He called the poem, then, "Priscilla," and this the editor says was very likely due in part "to the impression made upon him not long before by a Quakeress from England, Priscilla Green, whom he heard speak at a public meeting. 'She spoke,' he says, 'with a sweet voice and a very clear enunciation; very deliberately, and breaking now and then into a rhythmic chant, in which the voice seemed floating up and down on wings.' The identity of the name with the historic one of his heroine may easily have served to transfer something of the personality of the living woman into the poet's fancy of the Puritan maiden."

The illustrations in this edition are by F. T. Merrill, Granville Perkins, D. C. Hitchcock, C. S. Reinhart, George H. Boughton, G. F. Barnes, J. D. Smillie, J. E. Baker, and F. H. Shapleigh, and one (of the Standish Spring), by Mr. Justin Winsor, who has not been known as an artist, heretofore. Mr. Merrill's pictures are those most conspicuous: they consist of six full-page reproductions by photogravure of sketches in color, and include Priscilla

reading at her wheel, (the frontispiece of the book), John Alden essaying to write Standish's letter, the march against the Indians, the slaying of Wattawamet, John Alden holding Priscilla's skein, and the bridal procession. These plates are on heavy paper, and all have decided merit. The other illustrations are in black and white, accompanying the text.

The work of illustrating this poem began almost as soon as the lines were printed. Mr. Longfellow finished it in March, (1858), and it was published in September; at the end of November he notes in his diary that "Ehninger has sent me a beautiful illustration of 'Miles Standish.' It is the bridal procession going through the Plymouth woods, and is full of feeling." Following that, other artists have taken incidents of the poem, and secured popular regard for their pictures, until all its theme has been made generally familiar. So fully indeed has the ground been covered, and so obvious are the characteristics of costume, situation, and scenery, which must be regarded, that it would be unreasonable to expect anything absolutely novel in treatment in a new edition. Nevertheless, Mr. Merrill has done very well indeed, and the whole work, editorial and artistic, will be pronounced strong and good.

ENGLISH PROSE, FROM MANDEVILLE TO THACKERAY. Chosen and edited by Arthur Galton. London: Walter Scott. [New York: Thomas Whittaker.] 1888.

This volume of the Camelot Series can hardly fail to challenge comparison with Mr. Saintsbury's English Prose, as the two books are very similar in size and design. Mr. Galton's editing is much more simply done than Mr. Saintsbury's, as there is only the briefest introductory preface, no notes, and merely the author's dates prefixed to the extracts. Mr. Galton's method differs also in this—that while his volume numbers nearly as many pages as Mr. Saintsbury's, his table of contents shows only half as many names, and thus he is able to give a much fuller and more coherent idea of the manner and mode of thought of the authors he has chosen by sacrificing the less to the greater. He gives, for example, the whole of one of Burke's great speeches on conciliation instead of two extracts of two pages each, as in Mr. Saintsbury's selections. This is doubtless a more satisfactory method for a volume of this series, which is strictly popular in its character, as it gives the reader a more definite and permanent impression of the style and mode of thought of the authors selected, while Mr. Saintsbury approaches the subject from a wider as well as more technical point of view. The selections begin, as usual, with the inevitable Sir John, and wind up with Thackeray, as any attempt adequately to represent the multitudinous prose of the last forty years would swell the volume to an inordinate size. For that large class of persons who are not students of English literature, and who would not take down from the shelves the portly volumes that embody the wisdom of Hooker, the grim fancies of Burton, the deep political reflections of Hobbes, and the solemn thinking of Sir Thomas Browne, it is well to be reminded of how much we have in common in thought and speech with an age which the material inventions of the last fifty years have made to seem almost as remote from our own as the days of the Caesars.

SPARROW THE TRAMP. A Fable for Children. By Lilly F. Westhoef. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1888.

The various household pets in this little story, the horse, the house-cat, the barn-cat, the parrot and the canary, aided by a vagabond sparrow who chances among them, plot together to achieve the rescue of a very unhappy and ill-treated little girl, who lives near the family with whom the animals have their home. As the creatures understand human speech, and can follow all the family affairs, and have free communication among themselves, they succeed in their benevolent scheme, and the poor little girl is at last happily settled with kind friends. The tramping sparrow, who is rather the hero of the tale, hardly justifies the author's evident partiality for him. He is a rowdy, conceited, vulgar fellow, in spite of his good heart, and not nearly so attractive as the benevolent "Major" the horse, or the clever, practical barn-cat, who has most sensible, judicious ways in bringing up her children. The individual characteristics of the animals are well marked and quite cleverly drawn, and the moral is good in developing the sympathies of children with their four-footed companions, but unfortunately, the English is not as good as the moral. There is a large class of Americans, who consider themselves educated people, who have a rooted aversion to the use of connecting prepositions whenever it is possible to dispense with them. Such objectionable expressions as *down cellar*, *being out nights*, *going out doors* are freely scattered through this book. In purity and refinement of style English books for children undoubtedly rank much above the average American book of the same class. It may be argued that it is very unnecessary to insist upon the importance of good English in books for children, so many of whom hear habitually

very bad English at home. But it is all the more important, if they are carelessly trained at home, to try to raise the standard in their reading, and thus in some slight measure counteract these unfortunate influences.

E. H.

BRIEFER NOTICES.

THE reprint of the original text of Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables" (New York: William R. Jenkins) is completed by parts IV. and V. The great prose epic of modern France rather gains in brightness as it draws to its close. It is true there is no such striking figure in its latter half as is the good bishop in the first. But Gavroche is if not exactly the equivalent of a bishop, yet one of the most delightful portraits in modern literature. And even the terrible Javert, if he does not soften, gains at least in pathetic interest towards the end. Then there is the beautiful idyll of the loves of Marius and Cosette, which of itself would make the literary fortune of a smaller writer. And there are the pictures of the revolt of 1832 and the part played by the young men in it, and the terrible description of the sewers of Paris, through which Jean Valjean carries Marius away from the imminent danger to which his share in the barricade business has exposed him. Altogether we know of no single work of literary art of our century which furnishes such evidence of the possession of so many kinds of imaginative power as this. As we learn from the letter to the Italian translator appended to this edition, Hugo regarded his book as a contribution to the *Welt-Literatur*, of which Goethe dreamed. The conception is not agreeable to us; we believe in national literatures only. But certainly there are elements of a deep humanity and sympathy with the suffering classes in the work, which gives it much wider than national significance. At the same time the author is so intensely French that no translation can do justice to his work, and we hope that it will find enough readers in this shape to justify the American publisher in his venture.

"Autrefois" is the collective title of a noticeable collection of short stories by James A. Harrison, (New York: Cassell & Co.), of which eight are tales of Creole life in New Orleans, and three are tales of Eastern life, with a psychical interest. The Louisiana stories are the best, and although they too evidently follow the models set by Mr. Cable they will be found good reading by those who care for studies of this nature. The stories called "Aunt Annette," and "Piti-Josi-Batiste," are especially clever. Mr. Harrison has a nice dramatic sense and sympathetic touch, and this book proves, if it proves nothing else, that Mr. Cable opened a real and new literary field in his descriptions of Creole life.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

A N account of the Canadian Fisheries Dispute by T. H. de Ricci is in preparation in London (Sampson, Low & Co.). It will give the legal bearings of the case from an international point of view.

D. Van Nostrand, New York, announces for early publication a work of practical value. The work is entitled "Sewage and Land Drainage," and is from the pen of George E. Waring, Jr., a recognized authority on all matters that fall within the scope of this work. All systems of sewage, and of sanitary and agricultural drainage, are covered in the general discussion.

Katherine Armstrong, a pseudonymous American author, living at present in London, has a novel in press in England entitled "A Platonic Experiment." The scenes of her story are laid in Philadelphia and India, and the characters are said to be portraits of living and well-known people. Judging from some rather recent literary experiments, this particular one, while platonic, may yet be dangerous.

Andrew Lang is undoubtedly a "good fellow." Some one has forwarded him a clipping relative to his "splendid income" from literary work. In reference to this "interesting myth" as he calls it, Mr. Lang writes: "On adding the items together, with a copious margin, I find that my glittering gains may amount to nearly 2,000. per annum. Wealth of this kind would attract the notice of Anarchists and of the Income-tax Commissioners, while the bright fable might allure the young, or tempt the avaricious, into the profession of Letters. But your correspondent's legends are baseless. The 'splendor' is all in his poetic eye. Would that I possessed the necessary fancy, then I might aspire to be Poet Laureate! But no such luck! In the craft of Letters, as far as my experience goes, the laborer is not paid as he is in medicine, law, or what you please. Of this he does not complain. But he does object to be credited with apocryphal splendors and opulence of which he has only read in Ouida's novels."

"Commodore Junk" is the striking title of a new novel by Mr. Geo. Manville Fenn which is nearly ready, and from which entertainment may be reasonably expected.

The Baker & Taylor Co. have in preparation "Distinguished Witnesses to the Great Value and Success of Foreign Missions."

Miss Minna Irving's poem "The Haunted Heart," which was published in *The Century*, will furnish the title to a volume of verse by this writer to be published by Belford, Clarke & Co. in November.

The first complete edition of the works of the Polish poet, Adam Mickiewicz, has been recently issued in Warsaw. It contains much hitherto unpublished matter, among which are "The Great War of the Future," "Mazzini and the Mazzinists," and "Alexander Pushkin." Mickiewicz has been dead thirty-three years, and his countrymen have been none too early in thus honoring their greatest singer.

Mr. W. H. Hurlbert's much criticised book, "Ireland Under Coercion," is to be brought out here immediately by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

D. C. Heath & Co. will soon add to their series of French texts for Schools and Colleges, "La Belle Nivernaise," by Alphonse Daudet, and "Bug Jargal," by Victor Hugo—both edited by James Boielle, Senior French Master at Dulwich College, England; also Scribe's "Le Verre D'Eau" and Lamartine's "Jeanne D'Arc." These last are to be edited by A. Barrere, Prof. of Modern Languages in the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich. These texts will each have a literary introduction and such notes as will best adapt them to school use.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage has identified himself with the Historical Publishing Company of Philadelphia and Chicago, and this firm will have the exclusive right to publish all books written by him.

Messrs. Cassell & Co. will on October 31st commence the issue of their sometime advertised edition of the Bible, with Doré's illustrations, in weekly numbers, price a halfpenny each. A similar edition is in course of publication in Italy and Spain.

The "English Men of Letters" series, edited by John Morley, is to be sold by the Harpers hereafter in an edition of twelve volumes, made up from the original thirty-six volumes,—three "lives" to a volume.

An edition in the Greek of The "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" will soon be brought out by White & Allen, with the imprint of the Chiswick press.

A number of letters written by Dante G. Rossetti to Hall Caine will soon be published in England.

Although issued in London by another house, Mr. Walter Besant's "Eulogy of Richard Jefferies" will be published in New York by Longmans, Green & Co.—most appropriately, however, as much of the material is derived from Mr. Charles Longman's correspondence with the author of "The Gamekeeper at Home." Mr. Besant's biography abounds in quotations from Jefferies' writings and is high in his praise, setting him above Thoreau and White of Selborne.

Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague is said to be writing her memoirs.

The Modern Language Publishing Co. have transferred to Charles E. Merrill & Co. their publishing rights in "Deutschland," "Neue Anekdoten," "Anekdoten Nouvelles," and "Elwell's French and German Dictionary."

"Pen and Ink: Papers on Subjects of More or Less Importance," by Brander Matthews, will be issued shortly by Longmans, Green & Co. It contains essays on "Locke and Austin Dobson," on "War Songs and Short Stories," on "The Antiquity of Jests," and on "The Ethics of Plagiarism;" also the first serious paper yet written on "The Genesis and Practice of the American Game of Poker."

"B. C. 1887" is the odd title of a forthcoming volume of travels in British Columbia by the authors of "Three in Norway." It will be freely illustrated from sketches by one of the authors and from photographs taken during their rambles. Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. will publish it. Although humorous in manner and full of anecdote, "B. C. 1887" is an account of a serious expedition of two young Englishmen who came to America with a view to settling in Canada.

Tennyson, it is said, has had a new volume of poems ready for some time, which he has kept back, expecting America to pass an international copyright law. It is not known when the volume will be published.

The *Medical Record* says: "Blue-lined writing-paper is almost universally manufactured both in this country and Europe. The School Commissioners at Mainz have, upon medical advice, decided that the blue lines are bad for the eyes, and ordered that all school writing-paper shall be ruled in black."

Dr. George Brandes has under way two new books shortly to be issued by the Gyldendal publishing house at Copenhagen. The

one treats of modern Russian and Polish literature, the other will probably be the concluding volume of his work tracing the "principal currents of the literature of the nineteenth century."

Translations of "Self Help" are still making their appearance. One of the latest has been a Siamese version, made by one of the royal princes of that country.

Mrs. Kate Duval Hughes, of Washington, D. C., is preparing for publication another volume of her entertaining stories, to be entitled "Legends and Tales of the Sierras."

An imperial mandate has been executed in China directing the president of the Imperial Academy to translate Shakespeare into Chinese for the benefit of the young princes.

Dr. Bening, a German Government official, professes to have discovered a new derivation for the name England, or the English. The word, he contends, does not originate as has for a thousand years been supposed, from the Angles, or from the district of Angelu, in Schleswig, but from the Engern, a numerous and very powerful Saxon race, formerly living near the banks of the Weser. He bases his theory partly on the statements of the old British monk Gildas. He lived considerably earlier than Bede, and speaks only of the Saxons who colonized Britain. Dr. Bening points out that, in Schleswig, Engelland is very small, and now has barely eight thousand inhabitants; moreover, it lies on the Baltic, not on the North Sea, like the country of the Engern.

The Blackwoods announce a novel called "The Outcasts," to which it is believed a special kind of interest attaches. The anonymous author deals with a phase of London life which has attracted much attention lately, the hero being a wealthy curate doing mission duty.

The two leading holiday publications which the Harpers will issue are the "Old Songs," illustrated with the drawings by E. A. Abbey and Alfred Parsons, and Gen. Lew Wallace's "Boyhood of Christ," also richly illustrated. A large illustrated volume on "English Cathedrals" will also appear soon from the Franklin Square press.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

THE issue of *The Current*, (Chicago), for October 13th announces that it will be incorporated with *America*, of the same city. Both are weekly literary journals, giving attention to the discussion of public and social affairs, and it has been evident that one would be enough for the field. *The Current* has nearly completed its fifth year, and has shown at times a large measure of editorial enterprise. But it states that financial weakness is the cause of its discontinuance.

Edward Abbott has sold his share in the Boston *Literary World* to E. H. Haines, his editorship ceasing on October 13th.

The Paris organ of Wagnerism, *La Revue Wagnerienne*, has ceased to exist.

A serial by Mrs. Amélie Rives Chanler, called "On Bones' Island" was begun in *Once a Week*, October 20th.

Mr. Edward Roth, Philadelphia, has printed the 14th Part of his "Complete Index to *Littell's Living Age*." This Part completes the Educational Section and begins that of Fiction.

"Marooned," a new novel by Mr. Clarke Russell, is begun in the current number of *Macmillan's Magazine*.

Mr. John Gilmer Speed has become editor of *The American Magazine*, succeeding Mr. C. E. Brown, who retires to give his full attention to the New York Syndicate Bureau, of which he is proprietor. Mr. Speed has reputation as a journalist; he was for some time connected with the New York *World*. He wrote a life of Keats and edited the poet's letters.

Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote begins her series of "Pictures of the Far West" in the November *Century*, with a full-page design entitled "Looking for Camp." Miss Edith M. Thomas has written a poem to accompany the picture.

Mr. Gilbert Venables, Q. C., who died recently in London, was an old hand on the *Saturday Review*. All the obituary notices, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, refer to the fact that it was he who broke Thackeray's nose, at school, but none of them has referred to the only feat of which he was proud—namely, that he was able to write the summaries of the year in the *Saturday Review* entirely from memory.

"Our Journey to the Hebrides," by Joseph and Elizabeth Pennell, in *Harper's Magazine* has been a pleasant one for the magazine's readers, the bits of good natured personality only serving to give it piquancy. The last part (November) swings them around to Edinburgh again, after taking them through Macbeth's country. The illustrations, as previously, are capital, and selected with judgment.

ART.

THE EXHIBITION OF POTTERY AND PORCELAIN AT MEMORIAL HALL.

THE exhibition of pottery and porcelain of American manufacture, including a competition for American workmen, which was opened at Memorial Hall last week, although by no means so completely representative of what has been accomplished in this country in the development of this the most interesting of industries as it might have been, is yet complete enough to give a very fair idea of the enormous progress which the last few years have witnessed, and of the high standards which in several branches of the industry American wares have attained. As is usually the case, there was a good deal of delay in getting the exhibits into shape; and several of the most important ones arrived so late that it is impossible, at this writing, to describe the exhibition in detail as fully as it deserves. A more extended notice will be given hereafter. Meantime it is in order to call attention to an exhibition which is not only unique in its way but which marks the beginning of a most important movement in the direction of encouraging and improving the industrial arts in America.

It is, or it deserves to be, well known that the terms of the bequest to this institution of the late Joseph E. Temple, the outcome of a fund of fifty thousand dollars, is to be divided between the Museum at Memorial Hall, (where it may be used either for the purchase of objects to be added to the collections, or to be distributed in prizes at such exhibitions as this), and the school at 1336 Spring Garden street, where it is devoted to the maintenance of certain free scholarships and to prizes to be competed for by pupils. It is in accordance with the terms of that part of the bequest which is set aside for the use of the Museum that this exhibition is held; and it is also in strict accordance with these provisions that the prizes offered are to go not to the exhibitors-firms, or employers whose names usually appear most conspicuously if not exclusively in such cases, but to the workmen, whether artists or artisans, by whom the work was actually performed. This is not only a wise and just arrangement, generally speaking; it is especially valuable at the present time when such examples are sorely needed and so large a proportion of work which in a happier age would deserve to be called art is handed over to the tender mercies of "companies" and "contractors." (It will be observed, no doubt, that the same idea, as described in our London letter last week, controls the exhibition of Arts and Crafts in that city.)

This is not the place, perhaps, to inquire or to try to show how much of the prevalent degradation of the arts is due to or is at least directly associated with this sinking and obscuring of the individual worker in that too much disaffected and disheartened body which we know as the "employed"; nor in what degree the improvement of this state of things must be associated with the recognition of the individual worker. But it does seem to be an important step in the right direction that so much emphasis is placed on this principle by the promoters of the competition incident to the present exhibition.

The schedule of prizes offered includes four classes, and has already been referred to in THE AMERICAN. We may add, now, that contributions have been received from most of the centres of this industry: from Trenton, East Liverpool, and Cincinnati; from Baltimore, from Boston, and Worcester, Mass.; from Milwaukee, where work of a very high class has been produced within a few years, and from various parts of New York and Pennsylvania; filling the available space in the large rotunda and most of the eastern gallery in such a way as to impress the visitor with a renewed sense of the importance of the service which is rendered by Memorial Hall as a centre of refining and profiting influences, tempered by regret that it is not more centrally located.

NOTES.

THE Verestchagin pictures have arrived in New York, and the exhibition of the same will be opened next week. The collection may be spoken of as a very large one, in the sense that the pictures are of great size, some of them being of panoramic proportions, but the catalogue is comparatively brief, only the most important and significant of the works shown in Europe having been brought over.

Following the Verestchagin exhibition a special collection of representative works by Villegas will be shown toward the close of the year, at the American Galleries in New York. The genre and historic subjects of Villegas are highly esteemed by the leading American picture buyers, nearly every large private collection containing one or more examples. This exhibition will attract the interested attention of the artistic world, connoisseurs, painters, and students looking upon Villegas as a master to be regarded with respect and confidence.

The Metropolitan Museum is about to acquire by gift one of Hans Makart's large representative works, namely, the "Diana Hunting," well known by public exhibition. It is one of the artist's larger canvases, and is in many respects an excellent illustration of his style, showing both his strength and his foibles, his effective composition, his fine sense of the picturesque, his spirited and yet often faulty drawing, his bold not to say audacious use of color, and above all, the decorative quality which characterized even his most serious work. The Metropolitan is to be congratulated on securing so good an example of an artist who must at least be recognized as one of the remarkable painters of his time.

A proposal is under discussion among the friends of the Metropolitan to make one of the new galleries available for a collection of representative American paintings, and in view of the energetic and effective support which the citizens of New York are generously according to every undertaking intended to promote the interests of the Metropolitan, it seems reasonable to assume that something practical will be done about this matter in the immediate future. It may therefore be well enough to say with regard to the proposition that there are two courses open, in carrying it out, and intelligent choice should be made, to begin with, as to which shall be adopted. These are, (1) to make the collection historic, giving place to any works having value as illustrating the progress of American art, without regard to technical merit; (2) to make it current, accepting only the best obtainable works of the leading painters. The first plan would lead to the establishment of a museum, and if such a design is adopted, it should contemplate a national collection, as otherwise it cannot be fairly historic. The nucleus for a National Museum of paintings exists in the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, which certainly might be made more available and useful than it is at present. It would be difficult if not impossible to secure as good illustrations of the beginnings of art in this country as the Academy has acquired during its long life, but whether these illustrations could now be obtained for a National Museum is a question that could only be answered by actual test.

The second plan would involve the establishment of a national Luxembourg, a perpetual, mutable exhibition, to which works of merit would be admitted by competent authority and in course of time either consigned to a historic collection or otherwise disposed of, as the gallery became overcrowded.

Special exhibitions seem likely to be in favor again this winter. Boston has two open this week, one of the recent work of Aubrey Hunt, and the other a miscellaneous collection of pictures and studies, water-colors, oils, and black-and-white drawings, by H. Winthrop Pierce. In New York, George H. Boughton is represented by a collection of 23 pictures, most of them loaned, illustrating his entire career as a painter.

In Philadelphia a combination exhibition and sale has been held at Davis and Harvey's galleries, extending from Wednesday 24th to Friday 26th inst. Thomas B. Craig and James B. Sword were the principal contributors, and some of the best pictures ever painted by either of these artists were included in the catalogue. There were also examples of Prosper L. Senat, C. H. Shearer, Bruce Crane, and several other landscape painters.

THE ALIEN RELATIONS OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

To the Editor of THE AMERICAN:

PLEASE spare me a few lines of reply to Mr. Byron's criticism on my article on the Alien Relations of the Democracy. That paper was written some months before its publication, at which former time there were newspaper reports of the organization of British-Americans in New York and I think in Washington, which credited them with a design to influence the national election. I know not whether what then appeared in the daily journals concerned the organization to which Mr. Byron refers or not. From his explanation I should judge not. There may be a mere coincidence of names, but my position is not overthrown except by a denial of the fact that British residents in New York are banded together to promote Mr. Cleveland's interest in the present campaign. I am quite glad if Mr. Byron can clear the organization of which he writes of Democratic proclivities, but the name for it of British-American inspires no high hopes thereof, while the reason for its existence which he alleges will be problematical to many minds. For one, I do not see that we need a British-American party to defend the public schools, which are so near the heart of a vast majority of our citizens, many of whom are Roman Catholics.

In Mr. Byron's observations about my comments on John C. Calhoun he presents me as setting forth sentiments that I expressly disavowed. I credited men of foreign birth with great and loyal services to the country, and spoke of Calhoun's alien parentage only as a trifling item in a career of hostility to American in-

terests. Even then it was alluded to in connection with the fact that he grew up in a little sequestered community, where Scotch-Irish sentiments were very strong. My main contention concerning him was his alliance with Turnbull, his support of Nullification, and his clear perception that in the new career upon which he led the Southern Democracy, Great Britain's intervention was to be hoped for in the hour of strife. It is hardly fair to single out of an article intended to be scrupulously just to our adopted citizens, an incidental phrase, and detaching it from its context to give it a color it was never intended to bear.

I am glad Mr. Byron believes my argument to have been substantially true as to its purport. I think it suggestive of a study well worth pursuing. To me it is a source of amazement that a party which in every great crisis of its history has pursued a policy recommended by French and British advocates, and which has as often brought on American emergencies so dire that we have had to escape from them by a return to the doctrines of Hamilton, Clay, Seward and Lincoln, should have any formidable support in the United States. How it has come, with bad persistency, to be so alien to American interests, I did not attempt in a single page of your paper to show; but only the indisputable fact.

D. O. KELLOGG.

Vineland, N. J., October 24.

SCIENCE NOTES.

MR. A. G. MENOCAL, engineer-in-chief of the Nicaragua Canal Company, has said in a recent interview that by the Nicaragua route there are no great engineering difficulties to be encountered. "The heaviest part of the work," he says, "is the making of a cut 119 feet deep through a two and three-quarters mile stretch of solid rock. About sixteen miles of the work will be dredged and the balance of nine miles is firm, low-lying ground that will only have to be dug to a depth of twenty feet. The canal is to be 120 feet wide, through the greater part of the distance, with sharply sloping sides that will not have to be walled up. Through the rock section it will be but eighty feet wide with nearly vertical sides. The whole canal will have an average depth of thirty feet, and will be able to accommodate the deepest draught vessels." There are at present three divisions of engineers at work finishing the details of the surveys. The Nicaragua route is evidently superior to the Panama route from the point of health, as the physicians of the surveying party have had almost nothing to do in their line.

A description given in *Nature* (of August 30) of an instance of "sonorous sands"—sand that gives forth a distinctly musical note when moved by the hand or a stick—has called forth a number of letters from various parts of England describing other cases of this phenomenon. Musical sand was found in several instances at particular spots in large areas; and the quality of the sound is thought to be influenced by atmospheric conditions. A forthcoming English book, "Sea, Lake, River, and Desert Sands," by H. C. Bolton and A. A. Julien, is said to treat the subject very fully.

A part of the results of the work of the United States Commission to observe the latest transit of Venus have been made public by Prof. William Harkness. That gentleman read, not long since, a paper describing the labors of the Commission, the instruments used, and the numerous photographs obtained. A few of the calculations made are as follows: the sun's distance from the earth, 92,521,000 miles; the moon's distance from the earth, 238,852.4 miles; the moon's mass in proportion to that of the earth, as 1 to 81,519; the velocity of light, 186,298.4 miles per second.

What is now generally regarded as the fundamental principle of the scientific study of geography was announced in Germany a good many years ago, but other countries have been slow to adopt it and to begin teaching upon that basis. The systematic study of the earth as the abode of man was then rightly claimed to be the aim of geography. The German topographical maps are celebrated for their excellence, and they are among the fruits of the new movement. In England, a year ago, the Royal Geographical Society offered to support a lecturer in geography at the University of Cambridge. A course of four lectures has in consequence been delivered there by Gen. R. Strachey, President of the Society, and these have been published in book form. As yet very little progress in the way of the scientific study of geography has been made in America.

The *Journal* of the Franklin Institute contains the following note as to the removal of Smith's and Windmill islands in the port of Philadelphia. "The Committee on Commerce of the U. S. Senate have recommended the appropriation of \$550,000 for the beginning of this work, of which \$350,000 is to be available for the purchase of the lands, leaving \$200,000 for procuring plant or

for prosecution of work. The total estimate to complete, as made by the Board of United States Engineers, is \$3,500,000. At this rate it will require seventeen and one-half years, provided there be no failure of the bills during that period, and that the item be not scaled down. As yet there is no law nor provision requiring the riparian owners to extend their wharves to the proposed new line as the work progresses, and unless this is done the work will prove a failure."

A very able and earnest paper was presented by Mr. C. H. Reeve, of Plymouth, Ind., to the Prison Congress on the subject of "Dependent Children." The ease of obtaining marriage licenses he thinks encourages marriage,—or at least does not prevent it,—among those who will rear diseased or deformed children, or who will not provide a living for their offspring. "No matter," he says, "who comes for a permit,—the strong or the weak-minded; the sound and healthy or the deformed and constitutionally diseased; the millionaire or the hereditary pauper; the moral and orderly, or the vicious and confirmed criminal; the progenitor of statesmen or of idiots; the sane, or the hereditary insane if favored with a lucid interval; the temperate or the besotted,—all are given a permit alike. If a man wants to run a locomotive-engine, or practice medicine (elsewhere than in the United States), or plead in the courts, or stand in the sacred desk and talk theology, or teach a school, or run a pilot-boat, or even to secure a petty clerkship under government, he must submit to a rigid examination as to his fitness for the position and its duties, and be able to pass one. But one comes forward to get a permit to enter into a contract that places him under obligations, and demands of him duties that are the most important, the most responsible, the most sacred, that can be assumed anywhere between the cradle and the grave, that vitally affect the bodies social and politic as well as corporal, now existing and hereafter to exist, directly and indirectly, not a word is said. All are licensed."

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

EDINBURGH. Picturesque Notes by Robert Louis Stevenson. (New Edition.) Pp. 182. \$1.25. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

OUR NEW MISTRESS; OR, CHANGES AT BROOKFIELD EARTH. By Charlotte M. Yonge. Pp. 200. \$1.25. New York: Thomas Whittaker.

POOLE'S INDEX TO PERIODICAL LITERATURE. The First Supplement, from January 1, 1882, to January 1, 1887. By William F. Poole and William I. Fletcher. With the Cooperation of the American Library Association. Pp. 483. \$8.00. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

AUTREFOIS. Tales of Old New Orleans and Elsewhere. By James A. Harrison. Pp. 295. Paper. \$0.50. New York: Cassell & Co.

THE EPISTLE OF PAUL THE APOSTLE TO THE ROMANS. With Notes, Comments, Maps, and Illustrations. By Rev. Lyman Abbott. Pp. 230. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

OMITTED CHAPTERS OF HISTORY, Disclosed in the Life and Papers of Edmund Randolph. By Mourne Daniel Conway. Pp. 401. \$3.00. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"THE YOUNG IDEA," OR, COMMON SCHOOL CULTURE. By Caroline B. Le Row. Pp. 213. \$0.50. New York: Cassell & Co.

THE MUSGROVE RANCH. A Tale of Southern California. By T. M. Browne. Pp. 193. \$1.00. New York: Thomas Whittaker.

MAKING THE BEST OF IT; OR, TUMBLE-UP TOM. By Rev. Edward A. Rand. Pp. 281. \$1.25. New York: Thomas Whittaker.

TENURE AND TOIL; OR, RIGHTS AND WRONGS OF PROPERTY AND LABOR. By John Gibbons, LL. D. Pp. 316. \$1.50. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

THE COURT OF CHARLES IV. A Romance of the Escorial. By B. Perez Galdos. From the Spanish by Clara Bell. Pp. 295. New York: W. S. Gottsberger.

SIGURD SLEMBE. A Dramatic Trilogy. By Björnsterne Björnson. Translated from the Norwegian by William Morton Payne. Pp. 323. \$1.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

MEXICO: PICTURESQUE, POLITICAL, PROGRESSIVE. By Mary Elizabeth Blake and Margaret F. Sullivan. Pp. 228. \$1.25. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

THE BOSTON TEA PARTY, AND OTHER STORIES OF THE REVOLUTION. Revised and Adapted from Henry C. Watson. Pp. 222. \$0.50. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

LIFE OF PRINCE METTERNICH. By Colonel G. B. Malleson, C. S. I. Pp. 209. \$0.75. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

LIFE OF DANIEL O'CONNELL. By J. A. Hamilton. Pp. 219. \$0.75. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

THE GIRL IN SCARLET. By Emile Zola. Pp. 368. Paper. \$0.25. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

WHY RUN ANY RISK WITH YOUR COUGH OR COLD, Hoarseness, or in Jeed any Pulmonary or Bronchial Complaint, when a remedy safe, thorough, and so easily obtained as Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant can be had? If you have contracted a severe Cold, save your Lungs from the dangerous irritation and inflammation, which frequently brings about Consumption, by promptly resorting to the Expectorant; and if troubled with any Affection of the Throat, you will find this remedy equally effectual in affording relief from obstructing phlegm, and in healing the inflamed parts.

IS THE DUTY ADDED TO THE PRICE?

IN a recent speech, Governor Foraker of Ohio said: Mr. Cleveland in his message, and in his letter of acceptance, declares that the effect of a protective duty is that it is added to the cost of the article protected. That is the stock Free Trade argument, but the trouble is that it is not true. I am prepared to assert, and on it I challenge denial, that there is not a single protected article in the whole list of American industries that is sold today at a higher price than it was when the duty was put upon it. I defy any Democrat to name one single thing that has been advanced in price. On the contrary, every one has been reduced as the result of competition here at home. There are many illustrations of this fact. That of soda ash, an industry that was only first protected in 1883 by a duty of five dollars a ton. It then sold for \$48, and if Mr. Cleveland is right it ought to have gone up to \$53, but it did not. On the contrary, besides giving employment to 1,500 men and using great quantities of American products, the manufacture in this country has reduced the price to \$28 per ton.

Take the article of starch. A few years ago there was a duty placed upon it of two cents a pound. It was then selling for nine to ten cents a pound, and according to Mr. Cleveland's logic it should have raised the price to eleven or twelve cents a pound, but it did not such thing. As soon as the duty was established starch factories began work here, and the price began to go down, and kept on going down, till now it sells for three to four cents a pound. There are thirty-four corn starch factories, using 13,000,000 bushels of corn, employing \$10,000,000 of capital and yielding \$15,000,000 worth of product. And with all that, Mr. Cleveland wants to take the starch out of this country. (Laughter.) I think it would be better to take the starch out of him. (Tremendous applause and cheers.) One more illustration. A few years ago we wanted to put down a tile floor in the court house at Zanesville, and when we advertised for bids we couldn't get a bid from this country, and we paid \$1.25 a square foot for tile imported from England. But we felt so incensed at the fact that no such produce was made in this country, when we had all the material here, that we succeeded in getting a duty on imported tile. Did the price go up, as Cleveland said it would? Five years later I saw a better tile floor there in Zanesville of American manufacture for thirty-one cents a square foot. (Applause.)

DRIFT.

DISCUSSING the intimations of the Ontario *Free Press* that the Dominion ministry would ultimately concede to the United States the trans-shipment of fish in bond, the St. John, (N. B.) *Globe* of the 19th inst. says: "We have really no just or reasonable ground, in the light of the spirit of this day, on which to refuse the Americans the privilege of sending their fish in bond over our railways, and every man in this country who has a head on his shoulders knows very well that the British government cannot stand by us in any such refusal, and that it is most unreasonable and unnatural of us to ask it of her—if we have any affection for her—and yet the ministers and their press have gone through the old course of gasconade, and have pretended to the people that they believe that the matter will be settled as they declare it will be. Why do they not march directly towards what is right instead of by a zig-zag, tortuous path?"

John G. Whittier is reported by cable as writing to the Secretary of the Howard Association of London, regarding the Society's services, as follows: "I like practical Christianity and true following of the Master. I weary of creeds and dogmas more and more. I love the old ways of Grellet and Woolman, but have no controversy with others. I am now in feeble health. My work is done. I wish it were better done, but I trust, and am thankful that I cannot glory in myself. My sole trust is in the goodness of God."

A representative of the Fairbanks Scale Company in England writes to a friend in New York this interesting letter:

"LONDON, Sept. 21, 1888.
You mention the question of Free Trade. You can hardly imagine the eagerness of the English, German, and Belgian manufacturers for Free Trade in the United States. They say they can flood America with many of their products in six months. I tell them to keep cool and make no plans for the future, for America will not adopt the Democratic cry of to-day. Our merchants and manufacturers are not ready to commit suicide."

Senator Stewart of Nevada sends the following letter to the New York *Tribune*:

To the Editor of the Tribune,

Sir: Democratic postmasters have been opening envelopes containing my speeches and inserting Democratic documents. A large number of these have been seen and I have specimens for exhibition. I now hold in my hand a speech of Congressman McKinney, a Democrat of New Hampshire, approving and justifying the usurpation of the President in vetoing pension bills, which was substituted for a speech delivered by me on the Chinese question by opening the envelope bearing my frank and pasting it up again.

Carson City, Nev., Oct. 23, 1888.

WILLIAM M. STEWART.
The number of Christian converts in Japan has increased 50 per cent. during the year, till they now number over 7,000, with more young people seeking instruction than ever before. No better proof of the genuine interest of Japanese Christians in the new civilization could be given than their contributions the past year for educational and religious objects, amounting to over \$41,000.—*Christian at Work*.

"We believe Mr. (Jay) Gould has long been a Cleveland man," says the New York *Sun*. "In 1884 he was a contributor to the funds of the Democratic Committee, and we presume that in 1888 he has been even more liberal."

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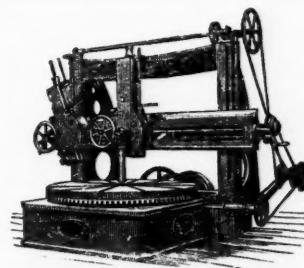
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George Taber, William H. Jenks,
Seth I. Comly, George Tucker Bispham,
H. H. Burroughs, William H. Gaw,
John A. Brown, Jr., B. Andrews Knight,
William Massey, Samuel B. Brown,
Benjamin W. Richards, Francis I. Gowen.

INSURANCE AND TRUST COS.

CAPITAL, \$1,000,000.

The Guarantee

TRUST AND SAFE DEPOSIT COMPANY

In its New Fire-Proof Building,

Nos. 316, 318 & 320 Chestnut Street,

IS PREPARED TO RENT SAFES IN ITS FIRE AND BURGLAR PROOF VAULTS, with Combination and Permutation Locks that can be opened only by the renter, at \$9, \$10, \$14, \$16 and \$20; large sizes for corporations and bankers.

ALL INTEREST ON DEPOSITS OF MONEY ACT AS EXECUTOR, ADMINISTRATOR, GUARDIAN, Assignee, Committee, Receiver, Agent, Attorney, etc.

EXECUTE TRUSTS of every kind under appointment of States, Courts, Corporations or Individuals—holding Trust Funds separate and apart from all other assets of the Company.

COLLECT INTEREST OR INCOME, and transact all other business authorized by its charter.

RECEIVE FOR SAFE KEEPING, UNDER GUARANTEE, VALUABLES of every description, such as Coupon, Registered and other Bonds, Certificates of Stock, Deeds, Mortgages, Coin, Plate, Jewelry, etc. etc.

RECEIPT FOR AND SAFELY KEEP WILLS without charge.

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THOMAS COCHRAN, President.

EDWARD C. KNIGHT, Vice-President.

HARRY J. DELANY, Treasurer.

JOHN JAY GILROY, Secretary.

RICHARD C. WINSHIP, Trust Officer.

DIRECTORS.

Thomas Cochran, Edward C. Knight, J. Barlow Moorhead, Thomas MacKellar, John J. Stadiger, Clayton French,	W. Rotch Wister, Alfred Fitler, J. Dickinson Sergeant, Aaron Fries, Charles A. Sparks, Joseph Moore, Jr., Richard Y. Cook
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Joseph Moore, Jr.,
Richard Y. Cook

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